
Title: Britannian Flora: A Casual Guide

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Oft 'pon rambling
through the woods
avoiding bears have I
spotted some plant
whose like I have
never seen before,
and concluded that I
was a blithering idiot
for failing to notice it
in the past. Equally
as oft have I
concluded that I was a
worse idiot for not
running faster from
the bear.

While not all my
readers may share
my proclivities for
tree-climbing, it
occurred to me that
mayhap mine
information might
serve some humble
purpose.

The two most
unique flowering
plants in the
Britannian
countryside are the
orfleur and the
whiteflower, also
called white horns.

The orfleur is
notable for its
massive orange-red
blossoms, which
dwarf marigolds like
the sun dwarfs your
common fireball spell.
The odor of said
blooms is best
described as
peppermint-apple,
with a dash of garlic.
'Tis a popular potted
plant despite, or
perhaps because of,
its exotic nature.

Whiteflowers exude
a subtle fragrance not
unlike that of freshly
shaven wood mixed
with cool lemon ice.
Their tall stands
always droop with the
heavy weight of the
massive blooms, oft
as large as a child's
head.

The flowers are so
large that one may
scoop out the pollen in
handfuls, and during
the spring season
many a prank hath
been played by idle
boys 'pon their
sisters by dumping
said pollen into their
clothing drawers,
causing sneezes for
days.

The most
interesting native tree
to Britannia is the
spider tree. The
reason for its naming
is obscure, but may
have to do with the
twisted gray stalks
from which the
spherical canopy
sprouts. 'Tis
something of a
misnomer to term
these "trunks" as
they are spindly and
flexible. Spider trees
provide a fresh,
piney smell to a room
and are therefore
often potted.

In jungle climes,
one finds the blade
plant, whose sharp
leaves oft collect
water for the thirsty
traveler, yet can
draw blood easily.

The deadliest plant,
if you can call a
fungus such, is the
Exploding Red Spotted
Toadstool. No pattern
can be discerned to
its habitats save

malice, for merely
approaching results in
the cap exploding
with powder, noxious
gas, and tiny painful
pellets flying in all
directions.

Unfortunately, 'tis
impossible to tell it
apart from the
Ordinary Red Spotted
Toadstool save through
experimentation.

Truly odd among the
varied flora of
Britannia, however,
are those which bear
names clearly alien to
our tongue. Among
these I name the
Tuscany pine (for I
have never seen a
region of this world
named Tuscany), the
o'hii tree, whose very
name sounds like
some tropical isle, and
the welsh poppy,
which while
different from the
ordinary poppy in
color and appearance,
is prefaced with the
odd word "welsh,"
which as far as I
know means to forgo
paying a debt.